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Thoughts From Oregon - to Greet a Friend -

By

Kathleen MacNeal Durham -

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Thoughts from Oregon

To Greet a friend

By
Kathleen MacNeal Durham

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Estelle Wallace Paris

Portland, Oregon
1916

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KATHLEEN MACNEAL DURHAM

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THERE are heights of glory we all may reach,
And bask for awhile therein;
There are lessons of patience that Life must teach
Through pain, ere our goal we win.
But the joys we have grasped will seem far more great,
The pleasures much more rare,
And the pain and sorrow by half abate,
With a faithful friend to share.

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Thoughts from Oregon

To Greet a Friend

OREGON'S HYMN OF PRAISE

For our state and all its plenty,
For its soil, its mines, its trees,
For its rivers, flowing swiftly
Outward to the Western seas;
For the grandeur of its mountains
Where, in faith, our souls have trod;
For the beauty of its valleys,
We thank Thee, O, our God!

For the glory of its sunsets,
On its many mountain tops;
For the patter of its raindrops,
Auguring its bounteous crops;
For its vast, uncultured acres,
Where sweet roses bloom and nod,
Future homes of countless thousands—
We thank Thee, O, our God!

HAST EVER BEEN TO OREGON?

[With Acknowledgments to Fields]

Hast ever been to Oregon, where rolls the bright Willamette down,
And Nature, with a lavish hand, has beautified old Portland town?
Where snow-capped mountains rise and glint like diamonds in the setting sun,
And Heaven dons a deeper tint of azure round the tallest one?

Where verdure grows a brighter green than any you have seen before,
And roses wear a fairer sheen than roses you have known of yore?
Where vale and hillside vie in turn to capture your enraptured gaze,
And bird and insect, flower and fern, elicit terms of warmest praise?

Where giant trees 'most reach the sky, their tops as large as normal trees,
And mammoth logs 'twixt boom-sticks lie, for rafting to the Western seas?
Where virgin mines, still unexplored, are waiting for the magic wand,
And many is the "silver horde" of salmon in our rivers spawned?

And these are not mere fairy tales, related for a pleasant hour,
Before the real, the picture pales, as bud but shadows forth the flower.
If you have never seen our state, you'll find it all that I have told you,
And, when you shall participate, its wonders rare will charm and hold you.

TIME AND TIDE

I stood on the beach in the morning,
The tide was at its ebb,
And the sand was covered with debris,
And weeds of an intricate web.
The rocks stood barren and rugged,
The snags were barren and white.
All looked hopelessly sordid,
In the pitiless morning light.

I thought of our life in its morning,
And the many mistakes we make,
Ere we learn to weave its pattern
With a sort of give and take.
And Life's sands are strewn with debris
Of things we have started wrong,
And we're frightened at the discord
In the singing of our song.

I stood on the beach at noontime,
The tide was at its flow,
And the waves were singing a love song,
With a murmur soft and low.
There was no sign of debris
Now, on the white, white sand,
Only the beautiful ocean,
And the still more beautiful land.

I thought of our life at its noontide,
When we've grasped some truth at last,
And we're learning to rise in the present,
Through our mistakes of the past;
And Love has softened the errors,
And Hope has given a hand.
Through faith we have walked the waters,
Till we're almost in sight of the land.

I stood on the beach at sunset.
A wonderful, roseate light
Shone on the waters' surface.
Its glory blinded me quite.
And I could see in my fancy
The gates to heaven ajar,
As Night sent forth her herald,
The soft, bright, evening star.

Then I thought of life at its sunset,
At the end of the strenuous fight,
When man's heart is filled with charity,
Ere the coming of the night.
The night that must come so surely,
But through which a dawn shall loom,
To point our way securely
To the port beyond the tomb.

JOHN STEVENS' CHOICE

They were sitting on the porch of their modest
bungalow,
John Stevens and his bonny bride of just a
week or so.
His work was done, and Stevens, his heart and
pipe aglow,
Was glad to sit and listen to the pretty ebb
and flow
Of the bright conceits and fancies of her so
pure and sweet,
That, search the wide world over, he knew you
could not beat.

"Reading up on Grecian lore for our little club
today,
I came upon a fancy, John, that pleased me
mightily.
'Twas said the sweet forget-me-nots, the
fragrant violets, too,
Were ordered made of patches from out of
Heaven's own blue.
And, wherever a piece was taken, a new star
would appear,
'Twas Heaven's glory shining through, to give
us mortals cheer."

"It is a pretty fancy, Kate. With your author
I agree.
More, there's a pair of laughing eyes that are
very dear to me.
I KNOW that they were fashioned out of
Heaven's own blue,

"And, brighter than the brightest star, is the
lovelight shining through.
I would rather have their welcome, dear, than
all the kingly power
Of all the gods Olympian, set forth in Grecian
lore;
And, rather than the throne of him, their great
and mighty Jove,
I'll take my chance of happiness with the little
girl I love."

IF?

If we planned, and, planning, labored
To help others on their way;
If we sang, and, singing, lessened
Frets and worries of the day;
If we did, and, doing, lifted
Just a shadow from a friend;
Would not we, and others also,
Happier be when day should end?

If we knew, and, knowing, followed
Rules of kindness, paths of love;
If we hoped, and, hoping, trusted
In the words of Him above;
If we thought, and, thinking, quoted
Only good of those we know;
Would not we, and others also,
Have a heaven here below?

APPRECIATION

We've censured, criticised, and blamed;
We've said: "His working days are o'er;
He's way behind the times," we've claimed;
"The plans he makes are new no more."
Perhaps,—but still

When in his prime, he did his best,
No work too hard; he knew no rest.
In methods, plans, he blazed the trail,
He never knew the sound of Fail,
And now, he's ill.

He's lying low, his eye is dim;
No more the fight and fray for him.
Send him a rose, a line or two;
Give him his praise where praise is due.
He's climbed the hill.

He's made mistakes, some small, some grave,
But to his work, his life he gave;
Oh, wait not till he's gone to tell
He did his work, and did it well.
And now, he's ill.

"THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS THE PORTLAND ROSE"

"The whole world knows the Portland rose."
I read it on the liner.
And, instantly, it brings to me,
Instead of endless sky and sea,
Instead of briny, choppy foam,
A vision of my Portland home.

"The whole world knows the Portland rose."
I read it on the diner.
And, while I gaze on sleet and snow,
My heart grows warm because I know,
Instead of this, I soon shall see
The land of roses, dear to me.

"The whole world knows the Portland rose."
The German soldier sobs it.
"Before a cottage, boys, it grows,
Where wife must hope although she knows
That many here will meet their doom,
Whose hearts are where the roses bloom."

"The whole world knows the Portland rose."
The mother softly croons it.
Her lot is cast on English shores,
Her eyes are fixed on English flowers,
But to the babe upon her breast,
She sings the flower she loves the best.

"The whole world knows the Portland rose."
In Egypt's land he sighs it.
His lease of life is almost gone;
No more his eyes will gaze upon
The only flower his heart now knows,—
The queen of flowers, the Portland rose.

"The whole world knows the Portland rose."
For in our hearts it blooms and grows.
The bride upon a foreign shore,
The soldier where the bullets pour,
The child whose life has just begun,
The man whose race is nearly run,—
"The whole world knows the Portland rose."
For in our hearts it blooms and grows.

THE CRY OF THE WIDOWED

Dear Lord, we try to bear the cross,
To say, "Thy will be done";
To feel Thou dost the best for us,
From dawn till set of sun.
But, while we see our fields run red
With blood of those held dear,
And, while our children cry for bread,
'Tis hard to feel Thee near.

We try to pray, "Thou knowest, O God!
Thou dost the right alway,
Oh, let Thy servant kiss the rod."
'Tis thus we try to pray.
But, when we know that, somewhere near,
Our husbands,—brave, not free,—
Are being slain, we can but fear,
And cry, "Why must this be?"

Oh, Thou, who hearest the raven's cry,
Who knowest all our need,
Is it Thy will that they should die
For others' lust and greed?
As Thou didst still the waters wild,
Make Thou this tumult cease,
Through blood of Him, "the undefiled,"
Bring universal peace.

SMILE!

Smile!
Every road, though it be thorny,
Has a rose along the way;
Every day, though it be lonely,
Has of sunshine just a ray.

Smile!
Sunshine peeps from out the shadow,
Success oftimes crowns our strife,
And life's worth living, if it only
Comes but near our dream of life.

PARTED

Once more I'm in my childhood's home,
With childhood's friends around me;
Familiar are the sights and scenes
That greet me and surround me.
Back roll the years, again I live
The day when first I met you,
And well I know, till time shall cease,
I never can forget you.

Though we must part, and bravely try
To live the years before us,
The shadow of the past will lie,
A gloomy curtain, o'er us.
And all the years ahead will seem
Of love bereft, forsaken,
And all the years behind, a dream
From which we'll never waken.

Perhaps, in years to come, we'll crave
The gifts that Fate now proffers.
Perhaps we'll take, with hearts that ache,
Still lesser ones she offers.
Perhaps, perhaps, oh, let us hope!
We'll pierce this veil of sorrow,
To find—the grief we know today
Bears fruit of joy tomorrow.

FRUITION

All the ships which are out on the ccean so blue
May or may not make port.
But 'twill not be the fault of the captain or crew
If they are the elements' sport;
For, steady and sturdy, ready and true,
They stand by the rudder or helm,
Their task to perform, their duty to do,
That disaster may not overwhelm.

All our hopes which are out on the ocean of life
May or may not bear seed.
But 'twill not be our fault, if, in battle and strife,
They are choked by thistle and weed,
If, always and ever, breasting the storm,
We stand by conviction and creed,
Though others may censure, our duty perform,
We will win to some port in our need.

THE OREGON GRAPE*

"This little sprig of it, so trim and so trig of it,
Makes the heart of me hunger for home."

I sing you a song of the Oregon Grape.
Its leaves, so bright, glossy, and strong,
Stand for the faith we have in our state,
And her power to triumph o'er wrong.
Its blossoms of gold, so fair to behold,
Betoken our resources grand,
And we love every sepal, every stamen and petal,
On this dear native shrub of our land.

I sing you a song of the Oregon Grape.
The thorns that its glossy leaves wear
Stand for the pride that we have in our state,
And caution our foes to beware.
Its berries of blue, ashine with the dew,
Betoken our industries great,
And we love every part of it, from the root to the heart of it,
This dear native shrub of our state.

*The Oregon Grape is the state flower of Oregon

MY FRIEND

She is but small,—my friend—
And slender as a lithesome reed.
But her thoughts are tall, and lend
Strength in your hour of need.

She plays on heartstrings long since dumb,
And bids ideals, thought dead, to come
Forth from their hiding place, and send
Back to oblivion the slothful word and deed.

She does not dream,—this one,
Whom God hath given me to know—
How life would seem, how dun
The path that I must go,

If she no more should light the way,
And bring from dark the dawn of day,
Make strong my feet the race to run,
And kindly heart and helpful hand on me
bestow.

LIFE'S ROSE CYCLE

They brought my mother a rose the morn—
She oft has told me so—
Of the sunny day when I was born,
In that summer long ago.
The rose was dainty, pure, and white,
The sweetest flower that blows,
And, because her heart with joy was light,
My mother named me Rose.

They placed a rose within my hand,
And bade me look serene,
And proudly in the limelight stand,
The day they crowned me queen.
It was the marvelous Portland rose,
With its wondrous shell-pink hue,
And, in that self-same town, there grows
A similar one for you.

Then, on the day a maiden deems
The sweetest of her life,
When earth to her a heaven seems,
And naught but joy is rife,
HE brought me yet another rose,
A rose of crimson red;
"Its glorious heart with passion glows,
As mine for you," he said.

Today, they bring a rose to me,
A rose whose whiteness charms,
Then, turn the covers back to see
The babe within MY arms.

MY LITTLE OLD HOME ON THE ISLAND

I wish I could tell all the love that I felt,
For my little old home on "The Island."
It stood up on stilts, no basement we built,
For there wasn't enough of the highland.

The June waters rush, with a gurgle and gush,
Through, under the floor, round the piling,
And, patient, we wait for the sun to abate,
And cease melting the snow with its smiling.

The little home stood at the edge of the wood,
And I wish I were to it returning!
'Twas there, in my youth, that I met dainty Ruth,
And for her my heart is still yearning.

Her eyes were as blue, as tender and true,
As the heaven above us now beaming,
And the curls of her head, neither golden nor red,
Framed a face that with mischief was teeming.

She passed "over the way," one sweet, sunny
day,
And the years have been long since her going.
Yet, oft, in my dreams, her dear face still seems
To smile at me, tenderly glowing.

And, always, at night, when my pipe is alight,
And I'm sitting alone in the highland,
I long for my Ruth, and the days of my youth,
And the little old home on the Island.

Oh! welcome the day when down I shall lay
My burden of longing and sorrow,
To meet with her there, where shadow and care
Shall dim not our happy tomorrow.

COULD LIFE'S NIGHT AND MORNING MEET

Did you ever pause to wonder,
Traveling down Life's rocky road,
Seeing good men greet with hauteur
Those who bend beneath a load,
Tinged, perhaps, with shame or sorrow,
Bleak remorse or vain regret,
The result of youthful folly,
Which the world will not forget;
Hearing others condemn wholly
One who's stumbled just a mite,
From the path that THEY consider
Constitutes the path of right;
Did you ever pause to wonder
What our words and acts would be,
Could we pierce the future's curtain,
And, behind it, clearly see
God's own plan for all the ages,
Modeled at the mercy seat?
Would we judge the world less harshly,
Could Life's night and morning meet?

Could we see our night's fulfillment,
Of our morning's dream so fair,
See its joys and see its sorrows,
All its pleasure and its care;
See the tears we'd shed in secret
O'er the sad mistakes we'd made;
See the zigzag turns and windings
Of the game that we had played;
Could we see our morning's fancies
Side by side with their defeat;
See the blossoms, sadly blighted,
Of youth's hopes, so pure and sweet;
Would we not, in love and mercy,
Tenderly our neighbor greet,
Gloss his faults, and hide his failures,
Help him once more to his feet?

God, in mercy, let us think, then,
It were comfort wondrous sweet!
We would judge the world less harshly,
Could Life's night and morning meet.

SOME LIVE WIRE!

Knew a boy once,
He was in my class when I was going to school,
He wasn't very brilliant, and he wasn't any fool.
Nine times out of ten, he'd get his problems wrong,
But the tenth time, he got 'em right.
He wa'n't never discouraged, but plodded right along,
Always put up a dandy fight.
We kinder laughed at him. Called him "Plodding Turk,"
He didn't seem to care a bit, but kept right on at work.
And I'll be darned, while we've stood still,
He's kept on going higher,
Till now, we doff our hats to him,
By gosh!
He's some live wire!

Knew a girl once,
She wasn't very pretty, like maybe you've known some,
She wasn't very witty, and she wasn't very dumb.
Nine times out of ten, she'd never a word to say,
But the tenth time, she said it right.
She wa'n't very assertive, that never was her way,
Just listened well, and thought a mite.
We kinder smiled at her. Called her, "Just old Nell,"
She didn't seem to mind a bit, not so's we could tell.
But the other day a book came out,
Filled with wondrous fire,
And now, we bend the knee to her,
Our Nell!
She's some live wire!

A CHILD AND A ROSE

Who, that hath glimpsed to the soul of a child,
Could ever deny God again?
Who, that hath gazed on the heart of a rose,
Could ever His wisdom profane?
For the soul of a child,
And the heart of a rose,
In wonder and beauty,
In splendor and glory,
Conceal depths that no human can grasp.

Who, that hath glimpsed to the soul of a child,
Could ever speak crossly again?
Who, that hath gazed on the heart of a rose,
Could talk of God's wonders as vain?
For the soul of a child,
And the heart of a rose,
In solace and comfort,
In rapture and wisdom,
Reveal heights to make mortal mind gasp.

THE ROSE BRIGADE

[Apologies to Tennyson]

Roses to right of them,
Roses to left of them,
Roses in front of them,
  Blossomed and flowered;
Roses of every hue,
Gladly they bloomed and grew,
Welcome the sight of them,
Children of sun and dew,
  With radiance dowered.

When can their glory fade?
All the bright bloom they made?
  When mem'ry's over;
Then, when our eyelids close,
Place in our hands the rose,
  Rose and its lover.

AT FIFTY

I met a woman on the way,
Her smile was sweet, her hair was gray,
  Her dress was fine and nifty.
Her face breathed forth such rare content,
I asked her what such radiance meant.
  She said, "Sir, I am fifty."

I knew somewhat the life of care,
That dimmed her eye, and grayed her hair,
  I knew that she was thrifty.
I thought of battles bravely won,
Of work from dawn till set of sun,
  From twenty up to fifty.

And then I thought of daughter fair,
And of the love they both would share,
  Till daughter, too, was fifty.
I thought me of her stalwart son,
Whose work in life was well begun,
  And wished that I were fifty.

If we could, like this woman dear,
With radiance crowned, give all good cheer,
  The years when we were fifty,
If we could see, through good work done,
Our lives prolonged in maid and son,
  Dear God, we'd all be fifty.

LET US GIVE THANKS

"Let us give thanks," the old man said,
"Give thanks to Him for daily bread;
Gives thanks that those we hold most dear
Are still permitted to be here,
To sit with us around our board,
And join in praises to our Lord.

Give thanks that we are not at war,
As, o'er the seas, the nations are.
That we are not in daily fear
Of news something like this to hear,
'It is our painful duty to
Write from the front and say to you,
Your son John like a hero fell
Today, 'midst rain of shot and shell.
Your grief and anguish we, too, share.
Such men as he we ill can spare.'

Let us give thanks that we are still
At peace, and pray the Father's will
May be that our great, glorious land
Shall give a friendly, helping hand
To those distressed, across the sea,
In sorrow bowed; and may it be
That, ere Thanksgiving comes once more,
They shall be freed from cruel war."

November 23, 1915

THE NEWSBOYS' CHRISTMAS EVE

'Twas the night before Christmas my story befell,
And two newsboys were trying their papers to sell.
In the City of Portland, they stood in the street,
In front of a playhouse, each eager to greet
The crowd that would saunter forth from the door,
When the curtain was lowered, the acting was o'er.

And while they were waiting, 'twas natural they
Should fall to relating their views of the day.
Floating out on the breezes, they heard children sing,
"To Jesus give praises, for He is our King."
The younger insisted that this story was true,
And most stoutly resisted the older lad's view.

So earnest and honest, and so eager was he,
So convincing his tale, that poor Mike needs agree
With a half-hearted "Maybe. I'm no knocker. See!

But you're just a baby alongside of me.
You say He loves newsboys. I'd believe that some more,
If He'd send me a dollar. I'm needing it sore,
To give to my mother to pay for the rent.
'Tis due on the morrer, and she hasn't a cent."

Just then the doors opened, and the patrons came out.
"Oregonian for Christmas," the urchins now shout.
A couple stopped near them, and the lady smiled. "Dear,
Let us give them a little to make Christmas cheer."
His hand went to his pocket and, looking right glad,
He brought forth two big dollars, a coin for each lad.
Then, with fervent "God bless you," they passed on their way,
Whereas I lingered after, and heard Mickie say,
"I guess you are right, Bud, and your Jesus is King,
And I'll bet you that lady's his angel, sure thing!"

And, you, kindly strangers, as you go on
through life,
Know you opened a channel that with promise
is rife.
That you kindled a faith which may grow with
the years,
And gave joy to a heart that knows more of
life's tears.
Bread cast upon waters to return has been
known,
And a love gift is oftimes the best kind of a
loan.
When Christ these words uttered, they were
spoken for you,
"What ye do to my children, unto Me, too,
ye do."

DEAR LORD, TEACH US!

Oh, great Omnipotence! Thou who dost know
Thy children's every woe;
We beseech Thee, hear our prayer!
We do not beg that there be peace,
Nor yet demand that war shall cease;
We crave but that, through all this din,
Death, anguish, hate, war, rancor, sin,
Thy love shall penetrate, and to us show
That still we are the objects of Thy never-ceasing care.

Oh, great Omniscience! Who dost behold
Thy children'st every need;
We entreat Thee, hear our prayer!
We dare not claim to know the right,
Nor question Thee in all Thy might;
We wist but that, in Thine own way,
Till through the dark shall dawn the day,
Thy strength shall us sustain, Thy hands uphold,
And daily stronger grow our faith that Thou art God indeed.

ONE WOMAN'S PLAINT

To visit lands across the seas,
To see the Alps and Pyrenees,
To know Paris and hear its din,
My heart's desire has always been.

To cross the ocean wide and blue,
And Monte Carlo visit, too;
The peasants know in country home;
In fact, abroad I'd love to roam.

Instead, at home, I calmly sit,
Do housework, plan, tend babes, and knit;
Make all the clothes for youngsters five,
And keep my husband's love alive.

While my mind is in fair Italy,
And heart and brain are o'er the sea,
I scrub the floors, make beds, and sweep,
Mend hubby's socks, put babe asleep.

Sometimes, at night, I steal away,
And travels read; then dream by day
That I am in some foreign clime,
With heaps of gold and scads of time.

Perhaps, some day, when I am gray,
And age has ta'en desire away,
The chance may come,—ah, cruel fate!—
To grant my prayer when 'tis too late.

HER NEIGHBOR

I've seen the mountains and the trees,
I've seen the valleys and the seas,
Castles and shrines of every style,
The pyramids, the River Nile;

I've braved Sahara's desert glow,
I've dwelt in Russia's arctic snow;
Have climbed the Alps, the Jungfrau, too,
Lived 'neath Italia's storied blue;

I've met the Scotsman on his heather,
Dared London's fog,—atrocious weather,—
Have toured Glengary, Dublin, Cork,
Spent seasons, too, in old New York;

But not one spot that is my own
Have I, to give the name of home,
No dainty girl or sturdy boy,
To fill my lonely heart with joy.

Oh, God! take all the wealth I have,
It is not gold or fame I crave;
Just grant to me the one great good,—
The joys and cares of motherhood.

THE PIE I DIDN'T GET

Once, when I was young and verdant,
At a wedding in our town,
Pie was passed me at the dinner;
Bashfully I turned it down.
When, too late, I tried to get some,
Tried, alas, oh, vain regret!
Every piece had then been taken
Of that pie I didn't get.

Pies I've had that were delicious,
Many pies I've had, you bet,
But the pie that most I've longed for
Is that pie I didn't get.

Boys, list to a word of caution,
On that path you all must tread,
Any chance you see before you,
Grab it; nail it on the head.
As you travel down life's highway,
Leave no room for vain regret;
Stub your toe, but come up smiling,
Have no pie you didn't get.

Other men have missed their chances,
Spent their lives in sighing since,
Longing for the pie that's passed them,
Apple, pumpkin, squash, or mince.
Fate, 'tis said, makes but one offer,
Knocks no more when sun has set;
Take, oh, take, when she doth proffer,
Or, 'tis pie you didn't get.

THE FRUITS OF WAR

The cottage is lowly, is gloomy and dim,
And gloomy and awful the struggle within,
For here, in her anguish, a war-widowed wife
Is struggling to bring a new soul into life.
And never she knows, as Death closes her eyes,
That her child cries but once before it, too, dies.

Her soldier in carnage is thinking of home,
And wondering, in pity, if her hour has yet come;
Hoping, and praying to the God they both love
That strength may be given to her from above.
With his mind on the far-away home over there,
Relaxes a moment his usual care,
Forgets that the bullets are pouring like rain,
Stops one in its progress, and—endeth his pain.

Oh, wife in the cottage, dead babe on your arm!
Thank God you are safe now from hunger and harm;
Oh, man in the battle who gave up your life,
While dreaming of bairnie and praying for wife!
Though all that is mortal is severed fore'er,
Let's trust that your souls are together,—somewhere.

'Tis like watching a plant you are hoping will
flower,
That by lightning is struck in its blossoming
hour.
The plant is uprooted as its bud becomes
bloom,
The gardener, also, is sent to his tomb.
Where once was all brightness, all beauty and
joy,
Is now but the elements' discarded toy.
Of all that was promised, naught is left but a
pall,
And, blindly, we grope for the WHY of it all.

NIGHT AND MORN

I gazed from my room, last evening,
At a rosebush, brown and bare,
And I thought—O, weary teacher,
Your work's represented there.

The day had been long and dreary,
A lesson, carefully planned,
Had failed to convey my meaning,
And some could not understand.

The quick ones had grasped it surely,
But the duller ones, for whom
I had thought and planned it wholly,
Had minds still shrouded in gloom.

And I was both cross and weary,
Almost I could have wept.
But I turned my head on the pillow,
Instead of the tears—I slept.

I looked at the bush this morning,
At a beautiful, crimson flower,
Whose bud of unfolding beauty
I'd missed in that gloomy hour.

For awhile I gazed upon it,
As it sparkled with the dew;
And I thought—perhaps, O, doubter,
You builded more than you knew.

Then Hope, God's blessed love token,
Sprang up again in my breast.
Once more, I planned and studied,
And—teachers, you know the rest.

NOW USE IT

["The government has given you this canal to use; now use it."—Words spoken by Senator Jones, at the opening of the Celilo Canal.]

This canal was given you,
By the government to do
The work it is intended to.
  Now, then, use it.
Or, if in years that lie before,
You should ask for something more,
Uncle Sam will look this o'er,
  And—refuse it.

Thus it is with every man,
If he do the best he can,
More is given on demand,
  Should he need it.
But, if he let his talents lie,
If 'tis never, "Do or Die,"
For "a chance" he'll vainly cry.
  Fate's decreed it.

"Unto him that hath is given."
Only he who shrives is shriven,
Always he who drives is driven,
  None excepted.
But reward at last is handed,
Unto him whose fish is landed,
Aught for naught is ne'er demanded,
  Nor expected.

When, at last, you tell your story
Unto Him, the "king of glory,"
Though the tale be sweet and flowery,
  He'll detect it
If it shows no hard race run,
Over self no battle won,
Not for you the praise, "Well done,"
  He'll reject it.

If to you is made some gift,
Give another soul a lift,
All is value, naught is drift,
  Don't abuse it.
Work, for work is our salvation,
Work enriches all creation,
Strength is ours but on probation,
  Oh, then, use it!

THE VIEWPOINT

[In the skirmish before L——, the company was called upon to mourn the loss of its gallant young captain, the son of General Sir John, etc., etc. The other casualties were hardly worth mentioning, just two soldiers wounded, I believe, and one killed.]

Hardly worth telling, the paper has said,
Just two soldiers wounded, and one soldier dead.
Yet the young private soldier,—they omitted his name,—
Met his fate just as bravely; the bullet that came
Speeding to greet him, and bring him his death,
Was faced just as fairly: he gave his last breath
With just as much courage as his leader could do,
Though he was a private whom nobody knew.
And, oh! in my heart, his mem'ry's more dear,
Though I be the only one to give him a tear.
Give fame to the captain for what he has done,
But the poor private soldier,—HE was MY son.

THAT'S THE WAY I LONG FOR YOU

Have you ever stood in a crowd, my friend,
And longed for one face alone,
A face that, back in the bygone days,
Belonged to one you'd known,
Whose friendship was like the stars above,
Constant and fixed and true,
Whose handclasp held a warmth of love?
That's the way I long for you.

Have you ever sat through a lonely night,
That seemingly had no end,
And, through all the pain and darkness and woe,
Longed for a one time friend,
Whose very smile was like a caress,
Honest and fearless and true,
And whose presence would make the shadow less?
That's the way I long for you.

IN THE GLOAMING

I'm sitting alone in the gloaming, and backward
my fancy is roaming,
To "The things that might have been better,
had they but happened thus."
O'er the little sins I am fretting, and the big
mistakes I'm regretting,
The little sins and the big mistakes that
haunt us, the best of us.

And sadly my poor heart is yearning for the
days that know no returning,
Wishing I had my chance over with the
knowledge I have tonight.
But, still, in the midst of my grieving, there's
a strain in me that's believing
Mistakes that are made in DOING are things
that count for the right.

That it is not so much the sinning, and it is not so much the winning,
That marks up at last our record; it's the striving our best to do;
It's the making a fresh beginning; it's the struggling for one more inning;
It's the helping some other poor beggar who's hoeing a hard row, too.

And, so, though the heart may be crying, it's up to us to keep trying
To fight through the mists to sunshine, the stronger because of the past.
And, oh, when our last sun is setting, pray God we shall all be forgetting
Earth and its failures forever, to know we have conquered at last!

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